

Dear mouse friends,  
Welcome to the world of



Geronimo Stilton





*THE RODENT'S GAZETTE*  
EDITORIAL STAFF





**Geronimo Stilton**

A learned and brainy mouse; editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*



**Thea Stilton**

Geronimo's sister and special correspondent at *The Rodent's Gazette*



**Trap Stilton**

An awful joker; Geronimo's cousin and owner of the store Cheap Junk for Less



**Benjamin Stilton**

A sweet and loving nine-year-old mouse; Geronimo's favorite nephew

# Geronimo Stilton

## **SINGING SENSATION**



**Scholastic Inc.**

New York	Toronto	London	Auckland
Sydney	Mexico City	New Delhi	Hong Kong



# THE FABUMOUSE MOZART!

It was a cold, rainy January night.

Lucky for me, I was warm and cozy inside my mouse hole. I was *nestled* in my favorite pawchair in front of a cheery fire.

"This is the life!" I squeaked, popping a *chocolate* cheese cupcake into my mouth and opening my book. I felt so relaxed. Everything was so peaceful. But then . . .

*Rattle! Rattle!*

The wind was rattling the windowpane right behind my chair!

I decided to play some *soothing music*.



Then I remembered I didn't have any music. My cousin Trap had borrowed all of my CDs for his cruise to the **Hamster Islands**.

That did it! I ran to my favorite music store. When I arrived, I waved hello to the shop owner, *Wild Wilby Whistlewhiskers*. I made a mouseline straight for the *Classical Music* Department. I flipped through Beethoven, Bach, and Chopin until, at last, I found what I was looking for: Mozart. Have



## WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

(1756–1791)

Mozart was born in Salzburg, Austria. At age five, he composed his first piece of music. By the time he was six, he was an excellent pianist and violinist. Mozart died at age thirty-five. In his short life, he composed operas, symphonies, concertos, and chamber music. He is still considered a musical genius today.



you ever listened to Mozart? His music is **FABUMOUSE!**

The CD I wanted was in a rack next to a cello.

I walked around the cello and almost slipped on a banana peel.



Yikes! Who would leave a **banana** peel on the floor in a music store?

I began to flip through the CDs when someone stepped on my paw.

I looked around. **No one** was there.

I went back to the CDs.

Just then, someone pulled my fur.

I **WHIRLED** around. Again, there was no one in sight. Who was bothering me? I'm a nice mouse. I never do anything wrong. Well, except for that one time when I gave an old lady a stick of gum. How was I supposed to know she had dentures? The gum ripped those fake teeth right out of her mouth!

I was thinking about teeth when someone yanked my tail.

**"Yooo-hoo!"** a familiar voice called out.

A gray mouse wearing a long trench coat popped out from behind the cello.





It was my old friend, the famous detective **Hercule Poirot**. Hercule loves to play pranks.

"Did you like my little joke, Geronimo?" Hercule giggled.

Then he got serious. "I need your help," he said. "You see, I found some stolen CDs and —"

"Sorry, got to run!" I squeaked, cutting off my friend. I love Hercule, but he always gets me involved in the **craziest** cases, and I had *too much work* to do.

I paid for my CD and **RACED OUT THE DOOR**. Hercule called after me, but I wasn't listening. The only rodent I wanted to listen to tonight was the fabumouse Mozart!





## MOUSE ISLAND IDOL

The next day, I got up early, gobbled down three large cheese doughnuts, and scampered to the office.

I had **SO MUCH** work to do. I had contracts to *sign*, articles to read, and bills to pay. Plus, I had to read through the entire edition of *The Rodent's Gazette* before it was printed. Just thinking about **ALL** of the work I had to do made my head spin. Oh, why was I always so **stressed** out? I felt a full-blown panic attack about to hit me.

Then the phone **rang**.

I jumped so high, my head left a dent in the ceiling. Well, OK, maybe not a *real* dent, but you get the picture.





"Hello, this is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton!*"  
I squeaked into the phone.

"**Hey, Mr. G!**" a familiar rodent yelled.  
"What's happening? Are you still lifting those weights? Have you cut down on the disgusting doughnuts?"

I gulped, patting my tummy.

There is only one rodent I know who loves exercise more than cheese doughnuts. It was my super-fit, super-healthy, super-energetic friend **CHAMP STRONGPAWS**. Champ loves all

kinds of endurance sports like cycling, swimming, and running. But most of all he **loves** marathons.

Not too long ago he even signed me up to run in the Mouse Island Marathon. On



race day, I was so scared, I almost passed out before I even reached the starting line! Did I mention I'm not much of a *sportsmouse*? In fact, my sister, Thea, likes to say I have four left paws.

"Hi, Champ," I squeaked **NERVOUSLY**. I prayed he hadn't signed me up for another **crazy** race.

But Champ didn't call to talk about marathons. It was worse. Much worse.

"You take showers, right, Mr. G?" Champ asked. "Of course I do!" I replied indignantly. I took pride in being a well-dressed, clean-smelling, very **NEAT** rodent.

"And you sing in the shower, don't you?" he asked. I felt my cheeks heat up. How did Champ know I sang in the shower? How **embarrassing**!

"How do you know that?" I asked.





“Well, Mr. G, I was walking by your house the other day and I heard you singing in the **SHOWER**. That’s when I came up with a great **IDEA**! I’m signing you up to be on





## YOU'VE GOT TO BE JOKING!

My fur stood on end. Have you ever seen **Mouse Island Idol**? It is a TV show where mice with amazing singing voices compete to become Mouse Island's best squeaker.

"You've got to be **joking**!" I shrieked into the phone. "I can't sing on TV!"

"I'm telling you, Mr. G, you've got real talent," Champ insisted. "Now here's what I need you to do. Start **gargling** with warm water to get your vocal cords going, do three hundred jumping jacks to get your blood pumping, and **i'll be right over**."

My jaw hit the ground. "What?!" I protested. "We can't get together now! I've got a ton of work to do."

# CHAMP STRONGPAWS



**First Name:** Champ

**Last Name:** Strongpaws

**Background info:** An all-around star athlete. He's into the latest training trends. He works for a sports radio station, and loves to get lazy rodents up and running.

**Sports:** He does all kinds of endurance sports like cycling, running, and swimming. And he loves marathons!

**His advice:** Eat right, sleep right, and keep those paws pumping!

**What he believes in:** Exercise!

**His passion:** Exploring new countries and getting to experience other cultures.

**His slogan:** "Sports can make the world a better place!"

**His claim to fame:** He built a super-fast bicycle that can seat five mice!

**His dream:** To explore the ten most beautiful countries in the world in ten days, with ten different bicycles.

A loud **buzzing** sound interrupted me.

It was coming from the phone. Yes, my crazy friend had hung up on me!

Two minutes later, I glanced out of the window. Alarmed, I saw a **bizarre** rodent arriving at warp speed on a bicycle. He was wearing a helmet, a yellow cyclist suit, and mirrored sunglasses. His head was bent so low, he looked like he was trying to eat the handlebars. He disappeared into the building, still on his bike. A second later, my door flew open. Champ **ZOOMED** into the room and skidded to a spectacular stop in front of my desk. He didn't dismount. Instead, he grabbed my paw and squeezed it so hard, I thought I would faint.

***"Sooooooooooooooooo great to see you, Mr. G!"*** he exclaimed.





# ARE YOU EXCITED?

While I checked my paw for broken bones, Champ started squeaking.

“So, are you excited about the TV show?” he asked with a chuckle. “Are your whiskers **SHIVERING** with anticipation? Don’t stress a bit! We’ll have the public eating out of our paws!”

The door flew open again, and Pinky Pick, my editorial assistant, scampered in.

“**HEY, BOSS MOUSE!**” she shrieked. “You didn’t tell me you were going to be on TV! Who knew you could sing? You can barely whistle!”

I felt a **GIANT**, mouse-size **HEADACHE** coming on. “I am





not going to be on TV!" I  
started to squeak.

Just then, I  
heard a thump  
outside my door.

I raced to open it and was hit with an  
**avalanche** of rodents. Cheese niblets!  
My entire staff was *eavesdropping* on me!

They all started squeaking at once.

*"Mr. Stilton's going to be famous!"*

"Our boss, the next Mouse Island Idol!"

My whiskers whirled with **frustration**.

How did I get myself into these situations?  
Finally, I couldn't take it anymore.

**"ENOUGH!"** I cried. "I am not going to be  
famous! I am not going to be on TV!"

Dead silence fell on the entire place.

It was then that my little nephew Benjamin  
came in. He hugged me **HAPPILY**.



“Uncle Geronimo, are you really going to be on the show?” he asked. “I’ve always dreamed of going to see *Mouse Island Idol*. **UNCLE GERONIMO**, I’m so proud of you! May I come with you?”

My heart melted. What could I do? I can never say no to my dear nephew. He means the world to me.

“Yes, Benjamin. I’ll go on the show,” I agreed. “And you can  me on!”





# WHY DO I HAVE TO TAKE A COLD SHOWER?

The following morning, I was dreaming happily of warm cheddar melts and sandy beaches when the doorbell **rang**.

I sat bolt upright. According to my clock, it was five in the morning. Who would ring my doorbell at this **unmously** time of the morning? Was there a fire down at *The Rodent's Gazette*? Had my sister, Thea, crashed her motorcycle?

I scampered to the front door, my whiskers twitching **NERVOUSLY**.

But when I yanked open the door, all I saw was Champ perched on a bicycle.

"Wake up, Mr. G!" he squeaked in my

snout. "Today is your first day of training. From now on, you will wake up at **five** A.M., take a **COLD SHOWER**, and then head to voice lessons. At **six** A.M., you'll take a **COLD SHOWER**, then head to ballet lessons. At **seven** A.M., you'll take a **COLD SHOWER**, then head to ballroom dancing. At **eight** A.M., you'll take a **COLD SHOWER**, then head to piano lessons. At **nine** A.M., you'll take a **COLD SHOWER**, then —"

My head was spinning. I held up my paw to interrupt him. "Why do I have to take a **COLD SHOWER**?" I interrupted.

With a smile, Champ showered me with a bucket of **icy, cold** water.



I let out a whisker-curling yell.

**"Aaaaaaaahhhhhh!"**

Champ's smile widened.

“See how well you can scream? That’s how

you make those vocal cords stronger! No need to thank me, Mr. G,” Champ explained.

**Thank him?** I was so mad I could have strangled him with my bare paws. I chased after Champ, screaming my head off, **“If I catch you ...”**

**“That’s it, Mr. G!”** Champ cheered. **“Keep screaming!”**

Oh, how did I get myself into this mess?





# PERFORMING ARTS SCHOOL

Champ took me to the **MOUSE ISLAND SCHOOL OF PERFORMING ARTS**. The students there were so talented. Plus, the classes were **REALLY HARD**. I wanted to quit. But then I remembered the promise I had made to my nephew Benjamin. I couldn't disappoint him.

So, for three whole months, I stuck to Champ's crazy schedule. I had some **amazing** teachers at school. They taught me to read music, to play an instrument, and to sing and **dance**.

It was exhausting, but I have to admit, it was also kind of fun.

Now if only I could get used to those **COLD SHOWERS!**

## 1. Singing Lessons:



The voice teacher  
taught me how to sing  
outside the shower.

## 2. Ballet Lessons:



The ballet teacher  
taught me how to dance  
on tippy paws.

## 3. Ballroom Dancing Lessons:



The ballroom dancing  
teacher taught me how to  
dance the tango.

#### 4. Piano Lessons:



The piano teacher didn't yell when I got my paws mixed up.

#### 5. Music History Lessons:



The history teacher taught me about Beethoven and Tchaikovsky.

#### 6. Modern Music Lessons:



Champ took me to a radio station where we got to be deejays for a day!





# SQUEAK IT UP!

**ONE DAY after my LESSONS**, Champ picked me up at the performing arts school.

“You’re in for a big surprise, Mr. G!” he announced.

I gulped. Champ’s surprises were usually my **NIGHTMARES**.

Champ drove like a wild mouse through the busy streets of New Mouse City. Along

the way, we nearly mowed down a mouse selling **hot** cheesy pretzels, a delivery rodent, and a mother mouse pushing her baby mouseling in a stroller.



“Watch it!” they all cried.

By the time we got to our destination, my fur was standing on end. Champ dragged me into an **ENORMOUSE SKYSCRAPER**. We got into an elevator with mirrored walls. Champ pushed a button, and we shot like a missile to the thirty-sixth floor.

“Welcome to Mousey Records,” the receptionist greeted us. *Holey cheese!* I thought. *Mousey Records is the most popular record label in New Mouse City!*

We followed the receptionist down a **long, carpeted** hallway into a *luxurious* glass office. A serious-looking bunch of rodents stared at us from behind a huge table.

“So you’re the new talent Champ has been telling us about,” one of the mice said.

**“Sing something,”** another instructed.

"Yeah, squeak it up," a third agreed.

I was so nervous, I thought I might **faint**.  
My teeth began chattering. My paws trembled.  
Everyone stared at me, waiting.

"Well, um, I . . ." I stammered.

Just then, a terrible pain shot up my spine. I let out a screech.



I looked down. Champ was standing on my tail.

The record executives didn't seem to notice.

"Amazing!" they gushed. "You were right, Champ. We'll have him record a CD and we'll send it to **Mouse Island Idol**."

The biggest mouse picked up the phone.

"I'll ask the president of **Mousey Records** if he agrees."

He spoke on the phone for a few seconds, then hung up the receiver looking very pleased.

"The president said he heard that **YELL** all the way up on the forty-sixth floor! It's a go!"

I could hardly believe it. It felt like one minute I was singing in the shower, and the next I was cutting a CD for Mousey Records!

It takes a lot of mice to make a CD. You need:

1 A talent scout, who discovers a new talent...



2 ... a singer who knows how to sing...



3 a songwriter, who writes the lyrics...



4 a musician, who composes the music...



5

... and a recording studio that produces the song!



6

In the recording studio,  
lots of rodents work  
together to make the  
record a success:



THE PRESIDENT!



The director of  
marketing, who  
releases the record!

The lawyer, who  
deals with legal  
questions!



The publisher, who  
follows its production  
to the end!



8



The store owners,  
who sell the CDs!



7



The distributors, who make sure the CDs arrive in every store!



# WELCOME TO NEW MOUSE CITY!

The record executives introduced me to a songwriter. He said he had just written a song that was *perfect* for me: “Welcome to New Mouse City.” I felt so honored. I felt so special. I felt so . . . nervous! How could I, Geronimo Stilton, sing such an *important song*?

Champ shoved a guitar in my paws. I gulped. **Stars** appeared before my eyes. Then another picture popped into my head. It was of my dear nephew **Benjamin**. What could I do? I had to sing. So I did.



# Welcome to New Mouse City

Welcome to New Mouse City,  
where the streets are, oh, so pretty,  
and the mice are so nice,  
you'll come back at least twice  
to the fabumouse New Mouse City!

If you're looking to eat,  
you are in for a treat.  
New Mouse City is known for its cheeses.  
There are tasty buffets and cheddar caf  s  
and waterfront dining with breezes.

If you prefer to shop,  
New Mouse City's your stop.  
You can buy almost anything here:  
tail combs, fancy ties, whisker curlers, and pies.  
You can even get rock-climbing gear.

Yes, welcome to New Mouse City,  
where the streets are, oh, so pretty,  
and the mice are so nice,  
you'll come back at least twice  
to the fabumouse New Mouse City!

At night, the lights of the city shine bright.  
All rodents are charmed by the magical sight.  
You can take in a show or hit museum row.  
New Mouse City's a treasure wherever you go.

Yes, welcome to New Mouse City,  
where the streets are, oh, so pretty,  
and the mice are so nice,  
you'll come back at least twice  
to the fabumouse New Mouse City!







## A NEW LOOK

When I was done singing, everyone at **Mousey Records** cheered. But then, I noticed Champ and some of the record executives all huddled in a corner. They kept staring at me and whispering.

I started to get **worried**.

What was wrong? Was my singing too loud? Too soft? Too **high**? Too **LOW**? Or could it possibly be too . . . **squeaky**? Yes, I decided that must be it.

I hung my head. My tail **drooped**. Now Benjamin would never get to see me on TV.



**Too squeaky**, I thought, then sighed. I felt lower than a sewer rat. But then I started to feel annoyed. Of course my voice sounded squeaky. After all, I was a mouse, wasn't I? Mice are supposed to sound **squeaky**.

I marched up to Champ and his new pals. But before I could say a word, Champ pulled me aside.

"Mr. G, we've decided you need someone to help you with your **LOOK**," he said.

"And I have the perfect rodent."

At first, I was insulted. I mean, what was wrong with my **LOOK**? I take a shower every day. I **BRUSH** my fur. And I always floss after a big meal. Then I thought about my wardrobe. It wasn't exactly **exciting**.

"I guess it would be fun to have someone help me pick out some new clothes," I agreed. "He's an **expert**, right?" At

this, Champ gave me a **sly look**.

"She's an **expert**," he grinned.

"She?" I asked. "It's a female mouse?"

Champ gave me another look.

"Yes, she's a **very young** young female mouse," he said. "In fact, you know her well. She works for you."

Suddenly, I had a terrible feeling in the pit of my stomach.



There is only one **very young** female mouse at *The Rodent's Gazette*.

"Not **Pinky Pick!**" I screeched. Pinky is my extremely brainy but extremely annoying editorial assistant.

"She's the one!" Champ squeaked as he jumped on his bike and raced for the door.

I tried to run after him, but he was too **FAST**.

Over the next several days, Pinky got me to try out different **LOOKS**.



CLASSICAL



ROCK

ELVIS PRESLEY



EMO



FOLK



PUNK



REGGAE



RAP



But, in the end, I decided to stick with **my own look** and just be myself.





## NO MORE CHEESY CHEWS FOR YOU!

The next day, I was sitting in my office munching on a **yummy** chocolate cheese doughnut when my door flew open. Can you guess who it was? Yes, it was Champ.

He ran up to me and **ripped** the doughnut out of my paw.

“What do you think you’re doing, Mr. G?” he squeaked. “You can’t be eating junk like this if you want to make it on **Mouse Island Idol**! You need to start eating right!”

“But . . . but . . . but . . .” I stammered.

Champ interrupted me.

“No ‘buts,’ Mr. G,” he ordered. “From now on, I’m putting you on a **STRICT DIET**. You will



eat only **HEALTHY FOODS** like fruits, vegetables, and whole grains.”

He plunked a big basket filled with nutritious foods on my desk.

Then I listened halfheartedly as Champ read off a list of foods I couldn’t eat.

*“No candy, no cakes, no cookies, no fried foods...”*

His voice droned on and on. I kept thinking of the delicious box of Cheesy Chews I had at home in my fridge. Good thing I hadn’t brought it to work. Champ would have tossed it with my doughnut!

“Oh, and one more thing,” Champ added before he raced out the door. “I climbed through the window of your mouse hole and cleaned out your whole place. **No more Cheesy Chews** for you, Mr. G!”

*Oh, how did I get myself into such a mess?*







## BUT WHAT ABOUT THE TRAIN?

A week later, my doorbell rang at four A.M.

***Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong!***

I dragged myself out of bed. Who was waking me up so early? I yanked open my door and almost got run over by Champ on his bicycle. I should have known.

“This is it, Mr. G,” Champ announced. “Tonight is the big night. You are scheduled to appear on *Mouse Island Idol!*”

My **PAWS** started to tremble. My fur stood on end. “Tonight?!” I shrieked. “But I’m not ready!” I was a nervous wreck!

Champ clapped me on the back.

“Of course you’re ready, Mr. G,” he said confidently. “All you need to do is warm up

your voice, and you're good to go! *Just pack up your suit, change into these bike shorts, and we're off!*"

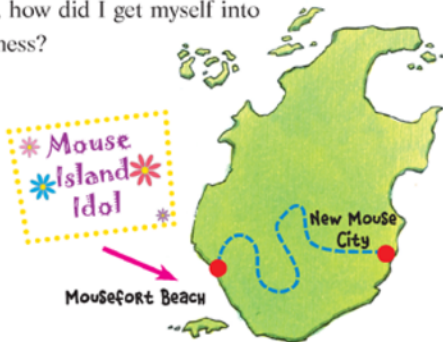
Bike shorts?

The TV studio where they filmed **Mouse Island Idol** was all the way in Mousefort Beach. That was more than **150 miles** away! I'd never make it there on a bike.

"But what about the train?" I protested.

Champ rolled his eyes. "Let's go, Mr. G," he said, rolling over my paw and out the door.

Oh, how did I get myself into this mess?





## A QUICK RATNAP

By the time we arrived, I was so tired, I could barely keep my **EYES** open. Champ, on the other paw, was full of energy. He zipped off to register me.

I was relieved. Now was my chance to catch a quick **ratnap**. I curled up on the sidewalk and fell asleep. I dreamed I was riding my bike through the Mousehara Desert. It was boiling **HOT**. Suddenly, I spotted a lake in the distance. I pedaled toward the lake, but my bike hit a rock. I went flying over the handlebars and landed in a pile of **MOUSETRAPS**.

**YOUUUUUUUUCH!**

I screamed so loud, I woke myself up.

Champ was standing over me. No, he was standing *on* me. On my **PAW**, to be exact!

“Nice squeaking, Mr. G!” he smirked.

But there was no time to get **upset**. I was about to sing on national TV! Champ said there were four other contestants before me. Each would sing a song, and then he or she would be judged by a panel of **celebrity** rodents.

Just thinking about being onstage made my whiskers **tremble**.

Oh, how did I get myself into such a mess? I wasn't a singer. I was about to grab my tail and run when I felt a tug on my paw.

I looked down. It was my **dear** nephew Benjamin. “Isn't this **EXCITING**, Uncle Geronimo?” he breathed. “I can't believe I'm going to watch my favorite uncle on my favorite TV show — **Mouse Island Idol!**”





# DON'T THINK ABOUT IT!

I felt better knowing that Benjamin would be cheering me on. Still, I had **butterflies** in my stomach. And my paws were shaking so hard, I almost tripped on our way into the **studio**.

*Get a grip, Geronimo, I coached myself. All you have to do is sing one song. How **BAD** can you be? After all, you've been practicing every day for three months. And even if you're the worst squeaker, at least you'll show Benjamin you're not a quitter.*

We gathered backstage so that I could wait for my turn. I listened to the other singers. They were **good**, but I told myself that I was good, too. I started to feel **BETTER**.

Then Champ put his paw around me.

"Relax, Mr. G," he advised. "You'll be great. Don't think about the **HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS** of rodents watching you from **around the world**. Don't think about the **eggs** they'll hurl at you if you stink!"

I gulped.

"Don't think about tripping onstage. Don't think about **forgetting** the words to the song," Champ went on.

I shivered. By now, the gentle **butterflies** in my stomach had turned into an **ANGRY MOB**.

"And definitely don't think about getting a tongue cramp. **That would be the worst**," Champ continued.

I wanted to **scream**.  
I wanted to **cry**. I wanted to put a sock in Champ's





snout. But he kept right on squeaking.

The more I tried not to think of things, the more I thought of them!

We entered the **THEATER** where the **festival** was being held.

**CHAMP** grabbed me by the tail. I didn't even realize that he had pushed me. I only knew that all of a sudden I was on the stage of the festival.

I saw **Rattisio**, the most famous master of ceremonies on Mouse Island.

I was overwhelmed by emotion just to be here with him!

“Good evening, everyone!” he squeaked confidently. “Ladies and gentlemice, I give you a new artist who is participating in the **festival** for the first time! Geronimo Stilton, who will sing ‘**Welcome to New Mouse City**’!”

He winked an eye and whispered, “Cheer up, and **good luck**!”

He adjusted the microphone in front of my snout and disappeared!

**I WAS THE ONLY ONE ONSTAGE. NOW, IT WAS MY TURN.**

Cheese niblets!





# A CRAMPED TONGUE!

Holey cheese! The place was packed. The audience stared up at me expectantly.

The **STAGE LIGHTS** grew brighter. They were so bright, I couldn't see a thing!

I swallowed hard. For some reason, my tongue felt huge in my **mouth**. But I had to sing. Everyone was waiting



for me. I took a **deep breath** and opened my mouth, but nothing came out. Not even one little **squeak**.

**Rat-munching rattlesnakes!** Could this really be happening?

Could I really have gotten a cramp in my tongue?

No, it couldn't be. I took another breath and tried again. Still nothing came out. I was horrified.

"Squeak it up! Squeak it up!" the crowd began to chant.

I didn't know what to do. I was frozen with **FEAR**. Just when I thought I would faint, Benjamin appeared at my side.

"Don't be nervous, Uncle," he said. "I know you can do it. You just have to **believe** in yourself."

*Then he began to  
sing in his sweet  
little mouse-ling voice.*





I was so touched. Before I knew it, I was **SINGING** out loud and clear along with him.

All of the young mouselings in the audience joined in. Our song filled the studio. I'm not sure what the judges thought, but it sounded *fabumouse* to me!





## WHY ME?

When we finished singing, a hush fell over the audience.

I was worried.

Moldy mozzarella, did I sound that bad?  
I thought.

Then thunderous applause erupted.

The judges declared me the winner. I, Geronimo Stilton, was the new **Mouse Island Idol**! What an honor!

I invited my friends at **Mousey**



**Records** onstage. After all, I couldn't have done it without them.

Champ shook my paw.

"**GREAT JOB**, Mr. G!" he shouted. "I almost thought you believed my tongue-cramp story. But you knew I was **joking**, right? I mean, only a furbrain would believe you can get a cramp in your tongue," he chuckled.

I felt the **BLOOD** rushing to my face. Then I felt a searing pain as Champ rolled off with my tail caught in his bicycle spokes!

I let out a whisker-curling yell. "**squeak!**"

The crowd went wild.

"What a voice!" they cheered.

It took three rolls of tape to bandage my tail.

"**WHY. WHY. WHY DID I LET MYSELF**

**BE DRAGGED INTO SUCH A MESS?"**

I sobbed.



## THAT'S STEALING!



In three weeks, I had become a singing sensation! “Welcome to New Mouse City” was put on a CD. Mice everywhere were listening to my song—in the subway, in the park, and even at the supermarket!

Then one day, Champ called. “Something **weird** is going on,” he said. “Mousey Records says they’ve hardly sold any of your CDs.

*Someone must be **pirating** your **record!**”*

I had no idea what Champ was talking about. Tons of rodents were playing my CD. Mousey Records had to be selling copies.

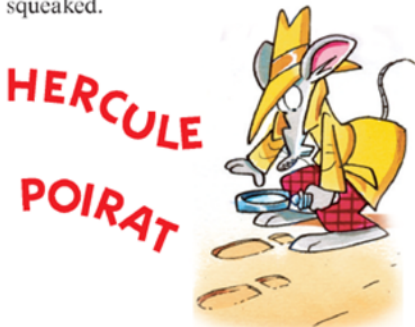
And what did **PIRATES** have to do with anything?

Champ explained what it meant to pirate a CD. First the thief buys a CD from a store. Then he makes a lot of copies, sells them, and keeps all the money.

“That’s **STEALING!**” I cried.

There was only one thing to do.

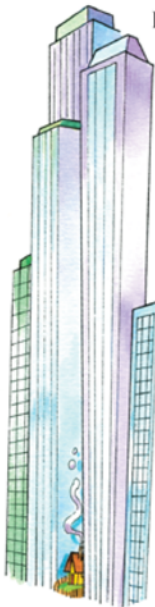
“This is a case for **HERCULE POIRAT!**”  
I squeaked.







# A TOTAL RATTRAP!



I took off for Hercule's agency. Oh, excuse me. Do you remember **Hercule Poirat** from the beginning of this story? He is not only my friend; he is also the world's most famous mouse detective!

Even though Hercule is famous, his office is a complete disaster. It is located in a **RUNdown** building sandwiched between two sleek skyscrapers. Hercule's office is **such a mess**, some clients refuse to meet him there. They will only do business over the phone. But Hercule doesn't care.

"I love my messy office," he always

says. "It reminds me of *my home sweet home.*"

Hercule was right about that. His home was a total rattrap!



I knocked on the door.

**KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!**

Just then, a sticky red liquid rained down on my head.

Was it **blood**?

I was about to faint when the door opened.

"Is that you, Geronimo?" Hercule giggled when he saw me. "What do you think

of my new antiburglar device? Don't look so upset. It's just **ketchup.**"

He gave me a towel and I did my best to wipe the sticky stuff off me. Oh, why had







I bothered to take a shower that morning? I felt worse than the time I accidentally fell into a vat of **macaroni and cheese** at the Cheese Place Factory. I was sticky then, too, but at least I was covered in yummy cheese!

I took two pawsteps into Hercule's office. What a **disaster**!

There was **JUNK** everywhere! Books, **CRUMPLED** papers, dirty dishes, and old **banana** peels covered the floor. I saw a patched-up old chair in one corner of the room and a piece of **moldy** pizza on the desk. It really was disgusting. But I didn't bother mentioning it to Hercule.

He was a slob and he was proud of it. Plus, I had more important things to discuss.

I told Hercule that my CD had been pirated. **"Will you help me?"** I asked.



## A CROOK IN A CAMPER

Hercule stamped his paw, sending up a cloud of **dust**. “I told you **someone was stealing CDs!**” he squeaked. “Remember when I asked for your help on this case?”

Somewhere in the back of my brain, I did remember. I apologized to Hercule.

Then I asked, “What do we do now?”

“I’ve got it all under **CONTROL**, Geronimo,” Hercule answered. “Come back tonight, and we’ll sniff out this case together.”

Later that evening, I scampered back to Hercule’s office. I knocked on the door.

**KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!**

A sack of flour bonked me on the head. I was covered from head to tail in white powder.



**“WHY ME?!”** I shrieked.

Hercule appeared at the door. “How do you like the flour, Geronimo?” he asked.

“I ran out of ketchup.”

I dusted myself off.

Then I went in.

“I was just making a **banana** shake,” Hercule said, hitting a button on the blender. “Want some?”

I shook my head. I know they’re healthy, but I can’t stand bananas. When the drink was ready, Hercule slurped it down in one gulp. Then he let out a loud **burp**.

I made a mental note to return the magnifying glass



I had bought my friend for Christmas. I'd use the money to buy him a subscription to *Gentlemouse Weekly* instead!

I was still thinking about *Gentlemouse Weekly* when Hercule's phone rang.

"I've got **some exciting news**, Geronimo," Hercule announced after he hung up. "The police need me to track down a **mysterious black** camper. It belongs to **a thief** whose nickname is the **Musical Pirate**."

According to the police, the **Musical Pirate** was stealing CDs and making copies of them. Then he passed them off to a rat named **Sleezer**, who sold them to the innocent mice of New Mouse City.

Now I knew who had stolen my CD. But there was still one problem.

**How do you catch a crook in a camper?**





## THE CRUEL CAT EXPRESS

I should have known Hercule already had a plan. That night at midnight, we scampered down to the waterfront. According to Hercule, the **Musical Pirate** was due to meet Sleezer's henchmice at **PIER 13**.

It was cold, dark, and spooky at the pier. To make matters worse, Hercule had insisted we



disguise ourselves as **fishermice**.

Before I could say "squeak!" he had sprayed me with a gallon of fish oil.

*I stunk like a rotten fish market on a hot summer day.*

Hours went by with no action. Then, we heard a strange **SOUND**, like a cat hissing.

**HISSESSSSS!**

The fur on my tail stood on edge, and my *whiskers* **trembled**. I saw a black camper with what appeared to be cat's ears on top.

Then I read the name under the front windshield: **Cruelcat Express**.





The camper  
was incredibly  
**long**, with  
no windows. What a  
**NIGHTMARE!**

Did I mention I'm afraid of **windowless  
places**?

The camper parked along the pier.

An invisible door opened  
with a swish. A cat whose  
fur was as dark as a

**MOONLESS NIGHT**

stepped out. He wore  
a **sleek** black raincoat  
with the initials **P.P.** on  
it, and steel-toed boots.

His eyes were two slits of  
**icy blue**, and a long scar  
slashed his left cheek.



### **CatBerry**

The strange  
electronic gadget  
**P.P.** always wears  
around his neck.

It can be used to  
make phone calls,  
send e-mails, play  
music, and activate  
an alarm.

Around his neck, he wore a strange electronic gadget. When he tapped it, I gasped. He had a **STEEL PAW!**

I was thinking of how much he reminded me of a **PIRATE** when the headlights of the camper flickered. A trapdoor opened in the back, and cases of something began to roll out. It didn't take us long to realize they were filled with pirated **CDs!**

Sleezer's henchmice loaded the boxes into a van. So this was how my song had been stolen!





## A BLISTER ON MY LEFT PAW

When the van was fully loaded, the crooked mice **TOOK OFF**. Only the black camper and the mysterious pirate remained. He stared out over the water. Then he unwrapped a piece of **black** gum and began chomping on it noisily. After a few minutes, he slipped back into the camper. But first, he spat the gum out and threw the wrapper into the ocean. What a littercat!



**I WAS SO DISGUSTED.**

"That's it," I told Hercule. "I've seen enough. Let's go home."

Of course, Hercule had other ideas.

"**ARE YOU CRAZY, GERONIMO?!**" he squeaked. "Now is our time to do some real **SPYING**."

I'll stand guard while you go check out the **Cruelcat Express.**"

I tried to refuse. I mean, Hercule was the detective, right? Plus, it's no secret that I'm a bit of a **scaredy mouse**. Well, OK, I'm actually a **BIG** scaredy mouse, but no one has to know that.

Finally, I gave in.

"I'd go myself, but I have a **blister** on my left paw," Hercule said as he shoved me toward the camper.

His voice trailed off as I crept closer to the camper.

Oh, how did I get myself into this **mess**? It was Saturday night.

I should have been home with a big bowl of cheddar popcorn, watching a movie.



Or maybe playing a game at my favorite bowling alley, **Lucky Paw Lanes**.

At that moment, the driver's door of the **Cruelcat Express** opened, and two muscular-looking cats came out.

I flattened myself against the side of the camper.

Luckily, the two thugs didn't even glance my way.

"That was a great idea the boss had to copy those CDs inside the camper, right, Ding-Dong?" one cat chuckled.

"You said it, Ding-a-Ling," the other guffawed. "Guess he'll be using the money to do more **WICKED THINGS** on Cat Island."

I gasped. Cat Island?  
Could there be a  
**SCARIER** place?





## PEE PEE!

I crept back to Hercule.

“Those crooks are from Cat Island!” I **squeaked**.

My paws trembled as I dialed Champ on my cell phone. I had to tell him we had found the **Musical Pirate**.

But just as I was starting to explain about the Cruelcat Express, and the pirate with the steel paw, something terrible happened.

My cell phone was tossed into the water.

I wish I could say it slipped out of my paws, but it was worse. **Much worse.**

We had been discovered!

I stared helplessly into the icy cold eyes of the mysterious **Musical Pirate**.





“What do you think you **rodents** are doing?!” he **growled**. “How dare you **SPY** on the great, the cunning, and, might I add, the purrfectly handsome **Pussycat PulVerizer**, also known as **P.P.** for short?”

To my horror, at that moment, Hercule collapsed in a fit of **laughter**.

“Excuse me, did you say your name was Pee Pee?” he asked with a laugh.

“As in, where is the potty? I have to go pee?”

**Pussycat PulVerizer** looked like he was about to explode. **STEAM** shot from his ears.

“They’re my initials, **FOOL!**” he hissed.

Hercule just smirked. “Whatever you say, Pee Pee,” he said.

**P.P.** appeared to be growing angrier by the minute. I had to do something.

“Um, **Mr. P.P.**, sir, we are just **poor fishermice** passing through,” I said meekly as I tried to scoot away from him. “We’ll get out of your fur now.”

**P.P.** wrinkled his nose.

“You do **stink** like fish, but I say you’re spies!” he roared.

He grabbed his **CatBerry**.

“**BE READY TO LEAVE IN AN HOUR!**” he yelled into the device.

Just then, a cat with white fur and a black spot around his eye began to **whine**.

“But, Cousin, we just got here,” he mewed. “I wanted to get a mug of fresh milk and a plate of sardines at



**CLEVELAND**  
(AKA P.P.'S LITTLE COUSIN)

the Ratsnest Diner. I heard they serve cats."

**P.P.** rolled his eyes.

"**Forget it, Cleveland,**" he hissed.

Cleveland stamped his paws. "No fair! I **never** get to do anything fun!" he started to whine. Then he stopped.

**P.P.** was glaring at him with a **DEADLY** look in his eyes.

"Oops, did I say that? Sometimes my words get so m-m-m-mixed up," Cleveland stammered. "I always have fun when I'm around you, C-C-C-Cousin. Better get packing. Hey, maybe I can whip up a **black**



**eel pie** for dinner and some of that fancy **black licorice** you like so much."



As Cleveland slunk away, a tall cat with **STEEL-STUDED** bracelets on each paw

# PUSSYCAT PULVERIZER

**Who is he?** A mean, nasty cat who travels around in a long black camper called the Cruelcat Express.

**Nickname:** The Musical Pirate

**What does he do?** He makes copies of stolen CDs in his high-tech camper. He never stays in the same place, so it's difficult for the authorities to catch him.

**Unusual markings:** His right paw is made out of steel.

**His battle cry:** "We are ca-ca-cats and we eat ra-ra-rats!"

**His plan:** To sell thousands of pirated CDs so he can become rich, rich, rich!

**His weakness:** Black licorice chewing gum

**His dream:** To become the most powerful cat on Cat Island.



**PUNY**



strode over to us. His name was **PUNY**, but he was as big as my uncle Bigbelly's industrial-size **refrigerator**!

Puny took everything we had in our pockets.

Then he turned toward **P.P.**

"What should we do with these **good-for-nothing** rodents, Boss?" he asked.

A few minutes later, Hercule and I found ourselves tied up in a room with lots of recording equipment.

"This place has soundproof walls, so don't even bother **SCREAMING**," Puny advised before he left.

Oh, how did I get myself into **Such a mess**?





# GARLIC MOUSE ROAST

“Putrid cheese puffs!” Hercule complained.

“I wish they hadn’t emptied our pockets. I had some of my best gadgets with me. Like my **super-duper cheese slicer and pocketknife**.

And my **ultra-cool laser-beam ballpoint pen**. And

my **compact pawnail filer**.

This stinks! What if I get a **HANGNAIL?**”

For a while, we both stared into space, not saying a word. I think we were both too **down in the dumps** to squeak.

Then Hercule started to **giggle**



ultra-cool  
laser-beam  
ballpoint pen



super-duper  
cheese slicer and  
pocketknife



compact  
pawnail filer

uncontrollably. At first, I was alarmed. Was he having a medical **EMERGENCY**? Did he need a psychiatrist? Was he that worried about his missing pawnail filer?

Fortunately, it was none of those things. Hercule had just come up with a brilliant escape plan.

It started with him yelling his favorite battle cry, "HAVE NO FEAR, HERCULE POIRAT IS HERE!"

Next he gnawed at our ropes like a starving rat.

In a few minutes, we were **free**!

Hercule hid behind the door. Then I yelled through the door.

"Excuse me, Mr. **PUNY**," I called. "Can you come here for a minute?"

I heard some shuffling outside the door.

"Oh, why'd you wake me up?" **PUNY** grumbled. "I was dreaming I was eating a



juicy garlic mouse roast. It was *so tasty.*"

**PUNY** pulled open the door, and as he did, Hercule clobbered him on the head with a **HEAVY** speaker.

The humongous cat went down like a ton of hard cheese.





## BLACK VELVET WALLPAPER

“Let’s go!” Hercule whispered.

We tiptoed around **PUNY** and found ourselves in a long hallway covered with **black** velvet wallpaper. My teeth chattered. What a dark and **SPOOKY** place!

I **shivered**. We were in **P.P.**’s private apartment!

I was so **SCARED**, I felt like I could jump out of my own fur. I tried not to scream as we passed an aquarium filled with **piranhas**.

Then something caught my eye that made my heart stop. A cat in a black raincoat sat hunched over a computer screen. Yep, it was **Pussycat Pulverizer** himself! He

was staring at a string of numbers that were **flashing** across the monitor.

“I’m rich, rich, **RICH!**” he meowed. “I’ve made more money selling these pirated CDs than I’ve made in my whole nine lives!”



He picked up his **CatBerry**, chuckling wickedly.

“We leave for Cat Island in an hour!” he announced. “Get packing!”

I was ready to pack it up myself when the **worst** thing happened.

**P.P.** turned and spotted us.

“**Catch them!**” he shrieked.

Just then, I heard a familiar voice shouting outside.

“Give yourselves up!” the voice bellowed. “You’re surrounded!”

It was **CHAMP STRONGPAWS!**

With a cry, **P.P.** began shrieking into his **CatBerry**, “Attention, all felines on the **CRUEL CAT EXPRESS!** This is an **EMERGENCY!** I repeat, **EMERGENCY!** Everyone to the submarine! **Now!**”



# A MYSTERIOUS SUBMARINE

There was no time to waste. We had to get out of that camper or we'd be mouse roasts for sure!

At last, we made it to the door and **BURST** outside.

We were just in time!

*The **CRUEL**CAT EXPRESS took off at breakneck speed.*





I was so exhausted. I collapsed on the ground. **Big mistake!** Seconds later, a super-fit mouse on a bicycle built for three skidded to a stop inches from my snout. Can you guess who it was? It was Champ Strongpaws, of course!

“Hop on!” he squeaked. “We’ve got to **STOP** those cats!”

We jumped on the bike, and the three of us began to pedal **frantically**.

Sweat sprang from my fur. Did I mention I’m not much of a sportsmouse?

*We had almost reached the camper . . .*







We had almost reached the camper when we saw something **BLACK** and **SHINY** in the water. Was it a shark? Was it the **Loch Ness Mousester**?

No, it was a **black submarine** with the same inscription as the black camper: **Cruelcat Express**.

A large door opened on the sub.

Then the camper disappeared inside.

**P.P.** let out an **EVIL LAUGH** as the submarine took off into the night.

I was glad I had my camera on me. A cat with a **STEEL PAW** riding on a submarine?

**YOU HAD TO SEE IT TO BELIEVE IT!**





## “LET’S GO!”

Soon the submarine sank into the churning waves and disappeared from sight. I stared out over the **dark ocean**, deep in thought. Even though the cats had gone, I was still worried. I wondered if and when **P.P.** would come back. I wondered what **evil plans** he was cooking up on **Cat Island**. I wondered if he was cooking up mice.

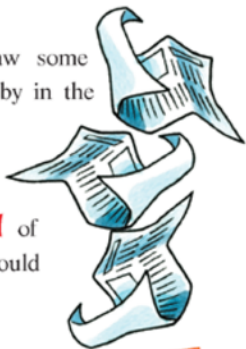
Suddenly, I began to feel sick to my stomach. Maybe it was the cycling. Maybe it was the stinky **fish oil** in my fur. But whatever it was, there was one thing I knew for sure. It was time to go **home**.

“Let’s go!” I told my friends.

We rode back through the streets of New Mouse City.

At that moment, I saw some newspapers **fluttering** by in the breeze.

I had a brilliant idea. If I hurried, I could publish a **SPECIAL EDITION** of *The Rodent's Gazette*. It would be fabumouse!



**SPECIAL EDITION**





# STOP THE PRESSES!

My friends dropped me off at *The Rodent's Gazette*.

I ran straight into the office.

**"Stop the presses!"** I squeaked at the top of my lungs. "We're going to do a **SPECIAL EDITION** of the *Gazette*. It's sensational news!"

I raced toward the pressroom with my staff following me down the hallway. My secretary, Mousella MacMouser, took notes as I explained my exciting adventure.



I told everyone about **Pussycat Pulverizer**'s plot to sell thousands of stolen CDs. I told them about his black camper and submarine, the Cruelcat Express, and about his whiny cousin Cleveland.

Then I showed everyone the **PHOTOS** I had taken.

I couldn't take my eyes off one shot of P.P. racing for the submarine. I felt like he was **STARING** right at me!

Cheese niblets! I was glad we had escaped from such an **EVIL** cat!

Stop the presses! **SPECIAL EDITION!**



Here are the photos I shot during that incredible adventure. I printed them in my newspaper.

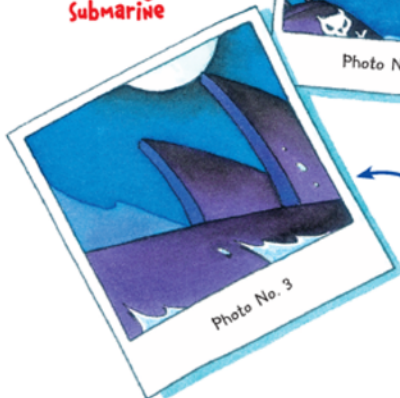


**The Cruelcat Express Submarine**

**Pussycat Pulverizer entering the Submarine**



**Photo No. 2**



**Photo No. 3**

**The Submarine going underwater**

# The Rodent's Gazette

1903

## SPECIAL EDITION



ALBION VERNON  
OF WASHINGTON  
SAY LONGER IN  
CONGRUOUSLY  
CONGRUOUSLY

THE CONGRUOUS  
OF THE  
CONGRUOUSLY  
CONGRUOUSLY  
CONGRUOUSLY

THE CONGRUOUS  
OF THE  
CONGRUOUSLY  
CONGRUOUSLY  
CONGRUOUSLY

THE CONGRUOUS  
OF THE  
CONGRUOUSLY  
CONGRUOUSLY  
CONGRUOUSLY





## GET BACK TO WORK!

The special edition was a **big success**.  
I was so happy. I even got a note from my  
impossibly **HARD-TO-PLEASE** grandfather  
William Shortpaws.

It read:

*Nice going, Geronimo!  
Now get back to work!  
Grandfather William*

I smiled. My grandfather William was one  
**TOUGH** mouse. You might even say he was  
as tough as a cat!



# BANANA BONANZA BUFFET

The next night, Hercule had a **party** at his house. He invited Champ, me, and all of my friends from *The Rodent's Gazette*.

I put on my best jacket. I combed my fur until it **gleamed**. Then I added a spritz of cologne. I felt **GREAT**.

I arrived at Hercule's house right on time. But when I rang the bell, disaster struck. First globs of **honey** rained down on my head. Then a fan blew a **cloud** of feathers at me. I looked like a mouse who had



been attacked by a gang of crazed chickens!

I **STOMPED** into Hercule's kitchen, showering the place with feathers. Oh, how did I get myself into such a mess?

At that moment, I noticed a **STRANGE** scent in the air.

"Uh, what did you make for dinner, Hercule?" I asked suspiciously.

Hercule grinned. "You're not going to believe this, Stilton.

"Tonight I have whipped up what I like



to call a **Banana Bonanza Buffet!**" he squeaked. "I made **banana** appetizers, **banana** soup, **banana** cheese loaf, and even **banana** ice cream for dessert!"



I clutched my stomach. Did I mention I **hate** bananas?

I was feeling worse than ever. My tail had stuck to the countertop. There was a feather in my nose. And I was starving.

In the other room, I could hear Hercule



greeting our friends. Everyone was **laughing** and talking as the house filled with guests.

I listened for a minute and then I made a decision.

I found a piece of stale bread and a **crust of blue cheese** in Hercule's refrigerator. Then I took a shower, put on one of Hercule's robes, and joined my friends.

After all, it's not the food that makes a perfect dinner party — it's the company of **good friends!**



**Here are some  
jokes we heard  
at Hecule's  
dinner party.**

Furbrain and his wife leave  
for vacation.

At the airport, Furbrain  
stamps his paw and says,  
"I should have brought the  
piano!"

"What for?" asks his wife.

"Because I left the plane  
tickets on it!"

"I was walking under a  
window when a radio fell  
on my head," Nibbles tells  
his friend.

"Holey cheese! Did you  
get hurt?" asks his friend.

"No. Luckily, it was  
playing soft music!"

Mrs. Rat is singing loudly  
in the shower.

"What did you do with  
the money?" asks Mr. Rat.

"What money?" replies  
Mrs. Rat.

"The money I gave you  
for singing lessons!"





# RAT-MUNCHING RATTLESNAKES!

The following month, I was working quietly when I heard a **COMMOTION** outside my office.

A second later, my door burst open and Champ Strongpaws zoomed in. He was riding a bicycle built for two, which is also known as a **tandem bicycle**.

Before I could ask him why he was riding a bike with two seats, Champ rolled over my **tail** and skidded to a stop.

“**Rat-munching rattlesnakes!**” I screeched, jumping to my paws.



Champ **grinned**. "Mr. G, you must be reading my mind!" he squeaked. "I was just thinking about snakes. In fact,

I came here to tell you about the exciting trip I have planned



for us. Just imagine: a dry desert under the **BLAZING** sun, sand dunes as **far** as the eye



can see, and



**strange** wild animals like **POISONOUS** snakes and spiders as **large** as *chickens*!"

**I shivered**. What was Champ talking about? A trip? For the two of us? It was then that I noticed the **SLEEPING BAGS, TENTS, AND CANTEENS** attached to Champ's bicycle.

Oh, no! Not one of Champ's crazy bike races! I wasn't an athlete. Plus, I was way too busy at work.





In a daze, I listened as Champ went on about ALL OF THE THINGS WE WOULD DO AND SEE. We would pedal for miles on end, drinking CACTUS juice and frying eggs by the HEAT of the blistering sun.

Whew! I felt tired just imagining it. Without thinking, I plopped down on the back of Champ's bicycle.

I heard a triumphant screech.

**"YEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!"**

Champ squeaked.

Then he began to pedal like a mad mouse.

"I knew you wouldn't miss this trip, Mr. G!" he cried.

d. "Adventure,  
here we come!"



At first, I tried to stop him. Then I gave up and started to pedal.

Having a **wild** desert adventure might be sort of fun, after all. I mean, if a mouse like me could become a **singing sensation**, then I guess

**anything really is possible!**



# ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Born in New Mouse City, Mouse Island, **GERONIMO STILTON** is Rattus Emeritus of Mousomorphic Literature and of Neo-Ratonic Comparative Philosophy. For the past twenty years, he has been running *The Rodent's Gazette*, New Mouse City's most widely read daily newspaper.

Stilton was awarded the Ratitzer Prize for his scoops on *The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid* and *The Search for Sunken Treasure*. He has also received the Andersen 2000 Prize for Personality of the Year. One of his bestsellers won the 2002 eBook Award for world's best ratlings' electronic book. His works have been published all over the globe.

In his spare time, Mr. Stilton collects antique cheese rinds and plays golf. But what he most enjoys is telling stories to his nephew Benjamin.



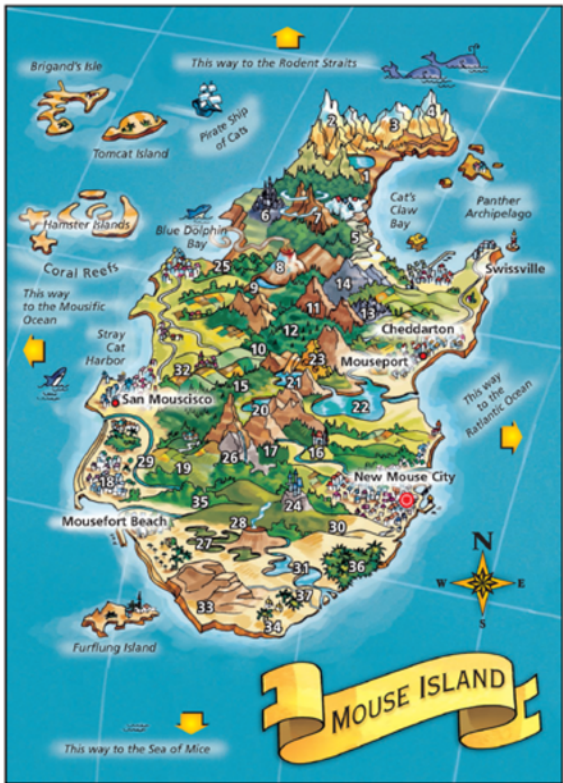
1. Main entrance
2. Printing presses (where the books and newspaper are printed)
3. Accounts department
4. Editorial room (where the editors, illustrators, and designers work)
5. Geronimo Stilton's office
6. Helicopter landing pad

*THE RODENT'S  
GAZETTE*



# Map of New Mouse City

- |  |                                     |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Industrial Zone                     | 25. <i>The Rodent's Gazette</i>     |
| 2. Cheese Factories                    | 26. Trap's House                    |
| 3. Angorat International Airport       | 27. Fashion District                |
| 4. WRAT Radio and Television Station   | 28. The Mouse House Restaurant      |
| 5. Cheese Market                       | 29. Environmental Protection Center |
| 6. Fish Market                         | 30. Harbor Office                   |
| 7. Town Hall                           | 31. Mousidon Square Garden          |
| 8. Snotnose Castle                     | 32. Golf Course                     |
| 9. The Seven Hills of Mouse Island     | 33. Swimming Pool                   |
| 10. Mouse Central Station              | 34. Blushing Meadow Tennis Courts   |
| 11. Trade Center                       | 35. Curlyfur Island Amusement Park  |
| 12. Movie Theater                      | 36. Geronimo's House                |
| 13. Gym                                | 37. Historic District               |
| 14. Catnegie Hall                      | 38. Public Library                  |
| 15. Singing Stone Plaza                | 39. Shipyard                        |
| 16. The Gouda Theater                  | 40. Thea's House                    |
| 17. Grand Hotel                        | 41. New Mouse Harbor                |
| 18. Mouse General Hospital             | 42. Luna Lighthouse                 |
| 19. Botanical Gardens                  | 43. The Statue of Liberty           |
| 20. Cheap Junk for Less (Trap's store) | 44. Hercule Poirat's Office         |
| 21. Parking Lot                        | 45. Petunia Pretty Paws's House     |
| 22. Mouseum of Modern Art              | 46. Grandfather William's House     |
| 23. University and Library             |                                     |
| 24. <i>The Daily Rat</i>               |                                     |



# Map of Mouse Island

- |                           |                                 |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Big Ice Lake           | 21. Lake Lakelake               |
| 2. Frozen Fur Peak        | 22. Lake Lakelakelake           |
| 3. Slipperyslopes Glacier | 23. Cheddar Crag                |
| 4. Coldcreeps Peak        | 24. Cannycat Castle             |
| 5. Ratzikistan            | 25. Valley of the Giant Sequoia |
| 6. Transratania           | 26. Cheddar Springs             |
| 7. Mount Vamp             | 27. Sulfurous Swamp             |
| 8. Roastedrat Volcano     | 28. Old Reliable Geyser         |
| 9. Brimstone Lake         | 29. Vole Vale                   |
| 10. Poopedcat Pass        | 30. Ravingrat Ravine            |
| 11. Stinko Peak           | 31. Gnat Marshes                |
| 12. Dark Forest           | 32. Munster Highlands           |
| 13. Vain Vampires Valley  | 33. Mousehara Desert            |
| 14. Goose Bumps Gorge     | 34. Oasis of the Sweaty Camel   |
| 15. The Shadow Line Pass  | 35. Cabbagehead Hill            |
| 16. Penny Pincher Castle  | 36. Rattytrap Jungle            |
| 17. Nature Reserve Park   | 37. Rio Mosquito                |
| 18. Las Ratayas Marinas   |                                 |
| 19. Fossil Forest         |                                 |
| 20. Lake Lake             |                                 |







**Don't miss  
any of  
my other  
fabumouse  
adventures!**



**#1 Lost Treasure  
of the Emerald Eye**



**#2 The Curse  
of the Cheese  
Pyramid**



**#3 Cat and  
Mouse in a  
Haunted House**



**#4 I'm Too Fond  
of My Fur!**



**#5 Four Mice  
Deep in the Jungle**



**#6 Paws Off,  
Cheddarface!**



**#7 Red Pizzas for  
a Blue Count**



**#8 Attack of the  
Bandit Cats**



**#9 A Fabumouse  
Vacation for  
Geronimo**



**#10 All Because of  
a Cup of Coffee**



**#11 It's Halloween, You 'Traidy Mouse!**



**#12 Merry Christmas, Geronimo!**



**#13 The Phantom of the Subway**



**#14 The Temple of the Ruby of Fire**



**#15 The Mona Mouse Code**



**#16 A Cheese-Colored Camper**



**#17 Watch Your Whiskers, Stilton!**



**#18 Shipwreck on the Pirate Islands**



**#19 My Name Is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton**



**#20 Surf's Up, Geronimo!**



**#21 The Wild, Wild West**



**#22 The Secret of Cacklefur Castle**



**A Christmas Tale**



**#23 Valentine's Day Disaster**



**#24 Field Trip to Niagara Falls**



**#25 The Search for Sunken Treasure**



**#26 The Mummy with No Name**



**#27 The Christmas Toy Factory**



**#28 Wedding Crasher**



**#29 Down and Out Down Under**



#30 The Mouse Island Marathon



#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief



Christmas Catastrophe



#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons



#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery



#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent



#35 A Very Merry Christmas



#36 Geronimo's Valentine



#37 The Race Across America



#38 A Fabmouse School Adventure



#39 Singing Sensation



#40 The Karate Mouse



#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro



#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



#45 Save the White Whale!



#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!

**Be sure to check  
out these exciting  
Thea Sisters  
adventures:**



**THEA STILTON  
AND THE  
DRAGON'S CODE**



**THEA STILTON  
AND THE  
MOUNTAIN OF FIRE**



**THEA STILTON  
AND THE GHOST OF  
THE SHIPWRECK**



**THEA STILTON  
AND THE  
SECRET CITY**



**THEA STILTON  
AND THE MYSTERY  
IN PARIS**



**THEA STILTON  
AND THE CHERRY  
BLOSSOM ADVENTURE**



**THEA STILTON  
AND THE  
STAR CASTAWAYS**



**THEA STILTON:  
BIG TROUBLE IN  
THE BIG APPLE**



# Meet CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR

I, *Geronimo Stilton*, have a lot of mouse friends, but none as **spooky** as my friend **CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR**! She is an enchanting and **MYSTERIOUS** mouse with a pet bat named **Bitewing**.

**YIKES!** I'm a real 'fraidy mouse, but even I think **CREEPELLA** and her family are **AWFULLY** fascinating. I can't wait for you to read all about **CREEPELLA** in these **fa-mouse-ly funny** and **spectacularly spooky** tales!



#1 THE THIRTEEN GHOSTS



#2 MEET ME IN HORRORWOOD

Don't  
miss these  
very special  
editions!



THE KINGDOM  
OF FANTASY



THE QUEST FOR  
PARADISE:  
THE RETURN TO THE  
KINGDOM OF FANTASY



THE AMAZING  
VOYAGE:  
THE THIRD ADVENTURE  
IN THE KINGDOM  
OF FANTASY

Dear mouse friends,  
Thanks for reading, and farewell  
till the next book.  
It'll be another whisker-licking-good  
adventure, and that's a promise!



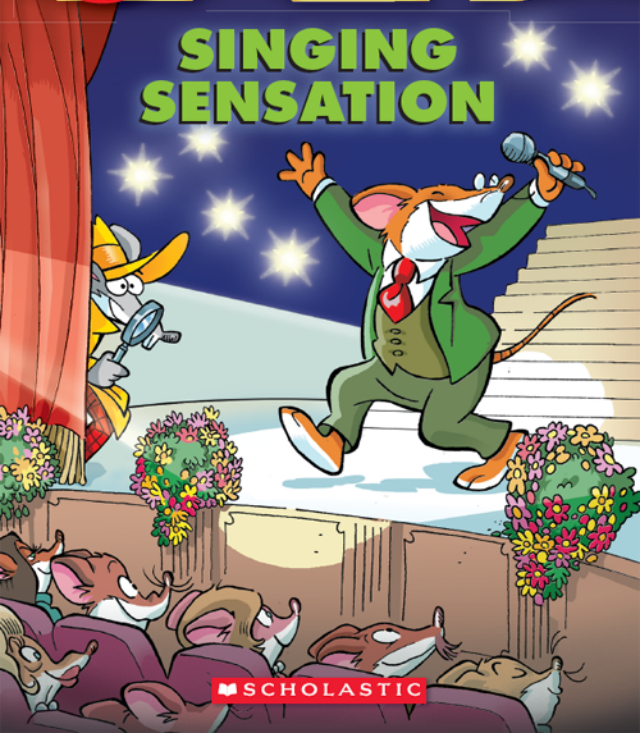
Geronimo Stilton





**Geronimo Stilton**

# SINGING SENSATION



SCHOLASTIC